'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue Prerogatiue,
And when in musicke we haue spent an houre
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.
Hor. Sirra, I will beare these braues of thine.
Bianc. Why Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife heere sit we downe,
Take you the instrument play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer tune your instrument,
Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat*
steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.
Bian. Conster them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you b
hic est, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of P
thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*,
a wooing, *Priami*, is my man Tr
celsa senis that we might beguile th
Hort. Madam my instrument's
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie the tre
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and t
Bian. Now let mee see if I can co
yo not, *hic est figeria tellus*, I trus
take heede he heare vs not, *regia*
paire not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the b
Luc. How fierie and forward ou
Now for my life the knaue doth cour
Pedascule, Ile watch you better ye
In time I may beleue yet I mistru
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure A
Was *Aiax* cald so from his grandfa
Hort. I must beleeue my master,
I should be arguing still vpon that do
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly p
That I haue beene thus pleasant wit
Hort. You may go walke, and gi
My Lessons make no musicke in thre
Luc. Are you so formall sir, well
And watch withall, for but I be dec
Our fine Musition groweth amorous
Hor. Madam, before you touch th
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a shorter for
More pleasant, pithy and effectuall,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch.